

Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.

Buc. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

Torke. Vpon thine Honor is he Prisoner?

Buc. Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner.

Torke. Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres.

Souldiers, I thanke you all: disperse your felues:

Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,

You shall haue pay, and euery thing you wish.

And let my Soueraigne, vertuous Henry,

Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,

As pledges of my Fealitie and Loue,

He send them all as willing as I liue:

Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I haue

Is his to vse, so Somerset may die.

Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde submission,

We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, dorch Yorke intend no harme to vs

That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?

Torke. In all submission and humility,

Yorke doth present himselfe vnto your Highnesse.

K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?

Tor. To heaue the Traitor Somerset from hence,

And fight against that monstrous Rebell Cade,

Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so meane condition

May passe into the presence of a King:

Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head,

The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of Cade? Great God, how iust art thou?

Oh let me view his Visage being dead,

That liuing wrought me such exceeding trouble.

Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Maiesty.

King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name,

A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King.

Buc. So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse

He were created Knight for his good seruice.

King. Iden, kneele downe, rise vp a Knight:

We giue thee for reward a thousand Markes,

And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.

Iden. May Iden liue to merit such a bountie,

And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerset.

K. See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th' Queene,

Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Qu. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,

But boldly stand, and frowne him to his face.

Tor. How now? is Somerset at libertie?

Then Yorke vnloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart:

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?

Falfe King, why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?

King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:

Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to graspe a Palmers staffe,

And not to grace an awfull Princely Scepter.

That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,

Whose Smile and Frowne, like to Achilles Speare,

Is able with the change, to kill and cure.

Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,

And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:

Giue place: by heauen thou shalt rule no more

O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.

Som. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke

Of Capitall Treason gainst the King and Crowne:

Obeie audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.

Torke. Wold'st thou haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee,

If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:

Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my bale:

I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,

They'll pawne their swords of my infranchisement.

Qu. Call hither Clifford, bid him come amaine,

To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke

Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.

Torke. O blood-bespotted Neopolitan,

Out-cast of Naples, Englands bloody Scourge,

The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,

Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those

That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, Ile warrant they'll make it good,

Enter Clifford.

Qu. And here comes Clifford to deny their baile.

Clif. Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King,

Tor. I thanke thee Clifford: Say, what newes with thee?

Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:

We are thy Soueraigne Clifford, kneele againe;

For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.

Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,

But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,

To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad,

King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor

Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.

Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,

And chop away that factious pate of his.

Qu. He is arrested, but will not obey:

His sonnes (he sayes) shall giue their words for him,

Tor. Will you not Sonnes?

Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will serue.

Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shall.

Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors haue we here?

Torke. Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.

I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor:

Call hither to the stake my two braue Beares,

That with the very shaking of their Chaines,

They may astonish these fell-lurking Curres,

Bid Salisbury and Warwicke come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Bears to death,

And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,

If thou dar'st bring them to the bayting place.

Rich. O't haue I seene a hot ore-weening Curre,

Run backe and bite, because he was with-held,

Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,

Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,

And such a peece of seruice will you do,

If you oppose your felues to match Lord Warwicke.

Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumps,

As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

Tor. Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon.

Clif. Take heede leaft by your heate you burne your

felues:

King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy siluer haire,

Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sicke sonne,

What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Russian?

And seeke for sorrow with thy Spectacles?

Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?

If it be banisht from the frostie head,

Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?

Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warre,

And shame thine honourable Age with blood?

Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

For shame in dutie bend thy knee to me,

That bowes vnto the graue with mickle age.

Sal. My Lord, I haue considered with my selfe

The Title of this most renowned Duke,

And in my conscience, do repute his grace

The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall seate.

King. Hast thou not sworne Allegiance vnto me?

Sal. I haue.

K. Canst thou dispense with heauen for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sinne, to sweare vnto a sinne:

But greater sinne to keepe a sinful oath:

Who can be bound by any solemne Vow

To do a murd'rous deeде, to rob a man,

To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,

To reape the Orphan of his Patrimoine,

To wring the Widdow from her custom'd right,

And haue no other reason for this wrong,

But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?

Qu. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.

Torke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolu'd for death and dignitie.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreames prone true

War. You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,

To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,

Then any thou canst coniure vp to day:

And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,

Might I but know thee by thy housed Badge.

War. Now by my Fathers badge, old Nevils Crest,

The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,

This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,

As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,

That keeps his leaues inspite of any storme,

Euen so affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,

And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,

Despight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.

To Clif. And so to Armes victorious Father,

To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.

Rich. Fie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,

For you shall sup with Iesu Christ to night.

To Clif. Foule stygmaticke that's more then thou

canst tell.

Rich. If not in heauen, you'll surely sup in hell. *Exeunt*

Enter Warwicke.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:

And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,

Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum,

And dead mens cries do fill the empty ayre,

Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,

Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,

Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Enter Torke.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot?

Tor. The deadly handed Clifford slew my Steed:

But match to match I haue encountred him,

And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes

Euen of the bonnie beast he loued so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of vs the time is come.

Tor. Hold Warwicke: seek thee out some other chace

For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death.

War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fight'st:

As I intend Clifford to thrive to day,

It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassail'd. *Exit War.*

Clif. What seest thou in me Yorke?

Why dost thou pause?

Torke. With thy braue bearing should I be in loue,

But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowesse want praise & esteeme,

But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.

Torke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword,

As I in iustice, and true right expresse it.

Clif. My soule and bodie on the action both.

Tor. A dreadfull lay, addresse thee instantly.

Clif. La fin Corrone les eumenes.

Tor. Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for 'art still,

Peace with his soule, heauen if it be thy will.

Enter young Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,

Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,

Whom angry heauens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,

Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.

He that is truly dedicate to Warre,

Hath no selfe-loue: nor he that loues himselfe,

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance

The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,

And the premised Flames of the Last day,

Knit earth and heauen together.

Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities, and pettie sounds

To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)

To loose thy youth in peace, and to atcheue

The Silver Livery of aduised Age,

And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus

To die in Russian battell? Euen at this sight,

My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,

It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares:

No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,

Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,

And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,

Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:

Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pitty.

Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,